

A War Savings certificate is a certificate of character.

The profiteer is without honor save in the enemy's country.

"Profiteering" is proving the most unprofitable business a man can engage in.

Now is the time to get the Thrift stamp habit, and you couldn't get a better one.

Americans may truthfully say that it took a world war to make them economical.

It costs more to go away now than it did. However, it costs more to stay at home, too.

A jump in the price of ice does not do much in a practical way to prevent water wasting.

The nation grows tired of the "tired business man" when he asserts himself as a profiteer.

In these days of the conservation of man power, the motor speeder is the enemy of the race.

There is no happiness in life like unto that of extracting an onion from one's own war garden.

Every owner of a war garden is convinced that the cutworms are a devilish invention of the Huns.

That large crop of spring pigs that is now getting a good start may also help to simplify the situation next winter.

Too much bragging about the Yanks at the front? Not so long as they furnish occasion for it. Give the Yank his due!

Tobacco has been recognized as a necessity by the fuel administration, which is interested in anything that will burn.

Passenger travel will cost more under the new rates, but we presume getting a lower berth will still be as difficult as ever.

It doesn't make any difference how much or how little you've given so long as you've done all that you possibly could do.

American soldiers not only know how to shoot, but are not afraid to stick around where there's a chance to do any shooting.

The busybody who finds his chief amusement in asking impertinent questions now runs his chances of being mistaken for a spy.

The new railway fares, together with the cost of shoes, should prompt somebody to make going barefooted fashionable this summer.

When the next merger is completed, the point of an old joke will disappear—that Eve was "made for Adams Express Company."

Emperor Wilhelm has commended all the linen in German shops for the army. Are the six princes getting shy on dress shirts?

The bravery of our boys at the front is already exciting the highest praise and admiration; but when the bravery of those left at home is considered the former is not to be wondered at.

The approval of the selection of Prince George of Saxony as king of Lithuania by the Kaiser will save the Lithuanians all the trouble of bothering about their independence.

Relations between America and Holland are less strained, but the recent statement of an authority that sauerkraut is of Dutch, not German, origin may reopen all the old sores.

Americans are asked to reduce their beef ration to one and a half pounds a week for each person. To many of us that would mean an increased ration.

Over in England some are urging adding another hour of daylight so as to abolish artificial lighting. Happily the amount of daylight is limited or there would be no end to the proposals.

Some people are content to go to church on Sunday, while others are so impatient to reach heaven that they jump in their motors and dispute grade crossings with trains and traction cars.

Wonder what General Pershing would say if he knew his reports in France became communiques as soon as they reach America?

"Our colleges have spent too much time on the dead languages," says a noted educator. What do you mean by dead languages—German?

Another favorite phrase has been wrested from the lexicon of the pessimists. Those "Blue Devils" are about the cheeriest fighters the world has seen.

Germans are now governmental—urged to go barefoot and help the country, but they probably need no urging from outside influences.

If the government continues to insist that we eat snails the government must tell us amateur snail eaters how to coax the beast out of its house.

WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

And Probably Sam Got His Lunch at Some Time

WASHINGTON.—A horse drawing a light wagon ran amuck the other day. He must have been thinking of that clover pasture at home, for he galloped over asphalt with the irresponsible joyousness of a colt and was slipping around the corner when an upstart hoof caught in the harness and sprawled him on the street. The driver jumped out and, assisted by a passer-by, unbuckled the animal from the shaft. And then a crowd swarmed. One of two women pausing on the fringe of the commotion began voicing a sympathetic wail:

"Oh, the poor horse—the poor horse!"

"You better be thinking of poor Sam! Come on. He'll miss his lunch if you don't hurry." But the sympathetic wailer didn't want to hurry. She wasn't that kind.

"The poor thing looks as if he had broken his leg—Won't it be awful if they have to—You haven't got a bit of pity in you, Jinnie Blank!"

"Never you mind what I haven't got! You come along with the basket before you miss Sam's car. A man that's been working since before sunup wants his hot coffee."

"Hot coffee! What are you talking about, woman? How do you suppose I can keep the coffee hot all this way, huh?"

"You don't mean to stand there and tell me that you haven't got a thermos bottle for Sam—as good a provider as he is? Why, I wouldn't hear of letting one of my boarders eat a cold lunch—not me! I got a thermos for every last one."

"No, ma'am, I haven't got no thermos bottle, and lemme tell you something. The more you honey up a man the harder he is to get along with. I got a rasher of bacon—"

"Ought to be ham. Bacon grease is no sort of food to give a man, weather like this. I sent my men off this morning with plenty of ham, a tomato apiece, four slices of buttered bread, a wedge of pie and hot coffee, for all of 'em except old Ben, who likes his tea. I'll bet if I was in your place Sam would get all the hot coffee he wanted."

"But you ain't in my place—see? Sam wouldn't look at any other woman. And he just loves blond hair."

Just a Little Housewife Chat on the Side

EVERYBODY except Old Man Science knows that the very first aviator was the broomstick witch. And those in the secret are equally aware that she has always been jealous of that cow that jumped over the moon—for why? The greatest altitude she has ever been able to attain is the cobweb district this side the sky, where the sweeping has to be done, but—these are startling times and the first thing that with knows she will be topping the cow record, because that is where the price of brooms is soaring today.

A woman bought one and paid a dollar for it without one word of complaint because the ground is needed for wheat. Another woman, an ancient soul with a skin the brown of tobacco, well cured, offered the affable statement that it "wasn't with a quath." She had bought one "las' mon' for seventy-five cents an' it was so chaffy that before she could turn round 'twarn't nothing but a nubbin'—an' sideways at that—an' that's the Lawd's trufe."

"Did you soak it overnight in a bucket of salted water to toughen the straw? That makes a broom fast three times as long. And maybe it would sideways because you let it stand on its own weight instead of hanging it by the handle."

"Laws, honey, you knows 'nuff 'bout brooms to be their own mother, don't you? Huh, huh! None, 'deed, chile. I neva hear the fus' word about nussin' brooms like that, an' I'm oler 'nuff to reclee' when Shuman come marchin' down our road. But, lemme tell you, we ain't nair one of us too old or uppity to 'fuse good advice, an' I'm gwiner soak de nex' broom de good Lawd sees fit to sen' me—yes, honey, dat's me. But I don't know whar I'm ever gwine to git good money to throw away on a broom. They's a dollah today an' putty soon they'll be gittin' high enough to jump ova the moon, huh, huh—"

So that is how you know what is coming to the broomstick witch.

Too Much to Expect From Frail Femininity

WASHINGTON'S "Battalion of Death" has gone on its summer vacation. The steady advance of the summer heat was too much for the feminine Sammies, recruited from the various government departments. Ninety degrees in the shade was enough to dampen the enthusiasm of even the most resolute marcher.

As the mercury crept up, the spirits of the soldierettes went down, and by the time the thermometer began to register 100 or so as a regular performance, the most enthusiastic thought it time to knock off until fall.

The girls first began to drill in preparation for the Red Cross parade. Regular army and marine drill sergeants were loaned by the war department. By the time the parade came off the girls were as proficient as the most seasoned veteran in the "right oblique" and other orders of parade. They distinguished themselves in the long line marching down Pennsylvania avenue and the soldierettes liked it. They liked parading. They liked being told how well they did it. So they decided to keep in trim during the following months. Parades follow parades with amazing rapidity in Washington these days. The girls thought it well to be prepared.

But the Ellipse is not the coolest place in Washington on a summer afternoon. The soldierettes began to fear that they would be roasted to death before getting even half a chance to display their proficiency. Then the sun brought out all the freckles they had been so carefully guarding against for so long. Even a Sammy, provided it is a feminine one, cannot be blamed for objecting to freckles right on the tips of their noses.

So the battalion decided to adjourn their drill until next fall, when the deadly freckle will have retired to winter quarters and the girls can drill with unburdened minds and hearts.

Just One of the Pleasures of Postal Clerks

POSTAGE stamps are little things which one uses day after day and generally thinks about not at all. And yet hundreds of men and women who make them have to think about them, and the thousands of postal employees who sell them throughout the nation have to think about them.

He was dressed in the height of fashion. In fact, there was just a touch too much of fashion about him. Maybe it was the cane, or maybe it was the light gloves on a hot day, or maybe it was the too-high collar. There was too much of something, that was evident.

He walked into the drug store on the corner and strolled over to the postal station window. A brisk young American was standing behind the window. "Have you any stamps?" asked the immaculate one, putting a heavy accent on the "stamps," as he called them.

"Yes, sir," said the young clerk.

The personage twirled his cane.

"What are they?" he asked, evidently felicitating himself on discovering a new way to say "How much?"

The young clerk answered, pleasantly:

"Why, my dear sir," he said, "they are little pieces of paper with a picture on one side and some mudclay on the other."

THAT BOLO KNIFE SURE CAME HANDY

Henry Johnson, Colored Soldier, Split a Lot of Hun Skulls With the Weapon.

WAS ADOPTED FROM MOROS

War Department Now Issues the Terrible Cleaver to Some of Our Troops, and the Germans Don't Like It at All.

Washington.—A year ago Henry Johnson, a colored citizen of Albany, N. Y., was peddling ice, coal and wood in contented obscurity. Today Henry Johnson, a soldier of the United States, is wearing the coveted French war cross with palms, because he proved himself a brave man, and because at the critical moment he got his hands on a bolo knife.

The cable has told of Henry's exploit—how on night duty with a companion in an American listening post he "took on" 24 marauding Germans in a swift rough-and-tumble, killed some of them with his rifle, bombed others from his basket of grenades, and then, even after he had been wounded, split so many skulls with his bolo that all the enemy left on their feet after meeting Henry became suddenly and violently homesick.

The bolo knife which Henry wielded so well weighs one pound and three ounces without its scabbard, and has a broad 14-inch blade. It is sharpened to a razor edge, and near the end runs abruptly to a thrusting point. But one of its chief virtues as a small-arm is its cleaving power. Most of the weight of the knife is distributed along the back of the blade.

Americans first ran up against the bolo in the Philippines. Over there it was originally an agricultural tool, just as the machete was in Cuba, and blacksmiths at country crossroads hammered it out infinitely and in all sorts of forms. The "kris" with its curly blade is a form of bolo, and the "campilan" is a bigger bolo.

Was Weapon of the Moros.

It was up among the Moros that it was developed for war purposes. In the underbrush it proved a very terrible weapon, as many a trooper found to his cost. A stroke in the tropical night—just one—counted for a major American casualty. After a while our soldiers found there was no particular knack in the Malay use of the bolo. They could not master it. Then they began to capture bolos. And so, after the war ended, bolos kept coming back to the United States as souvenirs.

But it was not until 1910 that the war department tried the experiment of issuing the bolo knife as a regular part of the American equipment. It was used and tested by our men in Mexico, but there it was employed chiefly as a tool rather than a weapon. It was not until our khaki-clad boys went down into the French trenches that the bolo knife proved its right to be considered "the last line of defense" and a life-saver to the man who unsheathed it.

Our colored troops display a special aptitude and affection for this weapon. The white fighter is inclined to rely upon his automatic pistol in an emergency at close quarters, but the colored man in uniform takes as naturally to the bolo knife as he does to well, as he does to the name of "Mr. Johnson."

Issued to U. S. Troops.

The bolo knife is issued to our troops in two sizes—the smaller size of the type which Henry Johnson used, and a larger knife employed exclusively by field artillery batteries. This latter is practically a short sword, comparable to the principal weapon of the old Roman legionaries. It is two feet long and weighs between three and four pounds. Of course, being issued only to artillerymen who are not ordinarily actually at grips with the enemy, it is intended mainly as a sort of underbrush cutter. But in the hands of a desperate man fighting for his life it is a terrible persunder.

The bolo is in no sense a trench knife. That is issued to every man in the ranks and is a special tool not

meant for fighting save at the last gasp. But the 14-inch bolo knife is essentially a weapon. It is issued to six per cent of our infantry forces—not regularly to every seventeenth man, but as occasion may require or the immediate commanding officer may direct. Henry Johnson was given his because he was assigned to particularly dangerous duty in a listening post. Others may be equipped with bolo knives—for instance, as members of a special detachment to accompany raiding forces within the enemy lines. Their work must be quick, silent and thorough. From Lunenburg to Cantigny the Germans have found it so.

The small arms division of the United States ordnance department believes that the bolo knife has points of superiority over any knife in use on the European battlefield, else it would not have been adopted for our use.

MARINE SOUNDS GAS ALARM



Back home, a gong similar to this was sounded when old man Zeke's barn was afire. In the battle zone it's quite a different occasion. This American marine is sounding the alarm so that our boys may be prepared to meet the poisonous gas attack being launched by the Germans by putting on their gas masks, which the marine has already done.

Had Asked His Mother. Philadelphia, O.—That his mother, Mrs. Lennox, is living in Bridgeport, Conn., at the age of one hundred and six was what William Lennox, aged seventy, told Deputy Probate Judge J. T. D. Bold when he applied for a license to wed.

A British scientist has invented a microscope that will measure a millionth of an inch.

BALDY OF NOME AND HIS SERVICE FLAG



Misses Fay and Helen Allan, daughters of "Scotty" Allan, driver of the famous Darling team of dogs, with Baldy of Nome, and his flag representing his 26 sons and grandsons now in the service on the Italian front. Baldy was the leader of the Darling team, but was too old for active war service. His descendants are among the dogs that have been invaluable in carrying supplies and munitions to Italian soldiers in the mountain passes, especially during the winter.

SAYS FUSSING IS HUMAN

Brooklyn Court Rules It Does Not Constitute Cruel and Inhuman Treatment.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Squabbles, wordy altercations, unkind and exasperating or even insulting words used in the heat of passion aroused by bickerings do not constitute cruel and inhuman treatment, according to a recent divorce case decision by the appellate division. The court added:

"Unfortunately for our weak nature, these things constitute conduct which renders it unsafe or improper to live together."

Testimony went to show that the wife, who sought divorce and alimony, objected to the presence of a stepson and chased the male members of the family from the house.

"In these squabbles she (the plaintiff) seems to have been able to hold her own," said the court. "We do not think any law requires a domestic exile to support a wife while living apart from her own family."

USE SNAKES IN WAR

California Man Has Scheme to Kill Off Huns.

"Lonesome Jack" Says Side Winders Would Exterminate Whole Boche Army.

Los Angeles, Cal.—"Lonesome Jack" Allman, king of all rattlesnake catchers, offers to gather 10,000 side winders or horned rattlesnakes if the government will let him, dump them into trenches vacated to the Germans by the Americans and let the snakes do the rest. The side winder is a death dealer extraordinary, strikes three times as fast as any other rattler, and, unlike others, does not act on the heart but paralyzes the nerves within 20 minutes.

Allman would have no trouble in gathering them in Arizona and the Imperial valley, he says. The Germans, if they possessed such a deadly weapon would not hesitate to use it, Allman believes.

"The beauty of my idea is that the rattler can live five or six months in captivity without either food or water and they will be just as effective during that time," says Allman. "I have an antidote for rattlesnake bite that could be supplied to anyone that handles them, but the Germans would not know what stung them."

"My idea would be to catch them and then soak their tails in warm water. Then the shell that rattles and gives warning could be removed without injury to the snake. Their fangs are so sharp that unless the warning is given with the rattles a person would hardly know what bit him. Side winders range in size from four to twelve feet.

SALUTES PHOTO OF PREMIER

Instinctive Action of Officer Reveals Respect of French for M. Clemenceau.

Paris.—Little unconscious acts often reveal the real measure of the popularity of a great leader.

In the photographer's showcase not far from the fashionable Parc Monceau there is among other pictures an excellent almost life-size head of M. Clemenceau. A young French officer who was passing the shop the other day glanced casually at the showcase. Perceiving the picture of his chief he instinctively raised his hand to a salute and passed on unaware that his spontaneous tribute had been observed.

In the early days of the long-range gun bombardment of Paris, says the *Matin*, it was stated that the shells were made from a new type of steel alloyed with vanadium which gave it exceptional properties. But analysis has shown that the shells are made of ordinary nickel and chrome steel, such as is in current use for making guns both in France and Germany and whose properties are well known.

Both adding and subtracting can be done with a new calculating machine that is about the size of a watch and can be carried in a vest pocket.